A Devil on Your Shoulder

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A Devil on Your Shoulder

by SingingInTheRaiin

Summary

Will's new suitor isn't what he seems, and Will can't help growing closer with Hannibal as the two of them try to figure out what's going on.

Will took a deep breath in, then slowly let it out. Since brownies had worked out so well last time, though not with Hannibal himself, Will decided that he'd go for it a second time. And hopefully they came out better this time, so he wouldn't be making a complete fool of himself in front of Hannibal.

He went on a different day and time than he had last week because he didn't want to bump into Sam again and get distracted. Even though Will wasn't usually a fan of texting, he'd enjoyed texting back and forth with Sam over the past few days. The other man was funny and smart, and seemed to be a genuinely good person.

As Will walked to Hannibal's office, he was glad to see that the door was open. It meant that he wouldn't have to wait around awkwardly for a patient to leave. He kept going, and then knocked on the open door to get Hannibal's attention. Hannibal continued with whatever he was writing for nearly an entire minute before he finally looked up. "Hello, Will." There was a cold steeliness in his voice that Will couldn't remember ever hearing before. He couldn't deny the way it sent a shiver down his spine. Of fear, of course.

He walked into the room, and then held out the glass pan he was carrying. "I made you brownies. Thought I'd come by to see if you'd figured out the details for your dinner party."

Hannibal narrowed his eyes just the tiniest bit. "I recall seeing very similar looking brownies scattered across my lawn on Thursday."

Will shrugged. "Guess I can be a bit of a klutz sometimes. My bad."

Hannibal suddenly stood up and took a few steps so that he was standing directly in front of Will, close enough that Will could feel the edge of his pan press into his stomach. He was immensely grateful for the pan's existence so that Hannibal wouldn't be the one pressed up against him. Then Hannibal plucked the pan out of Will's hands, and reached back to put it down on the desk without even looking. He took another step closer to Will, and even though Will hated to be a quitter, he took a step backwards.

Hannibal only followed him, though, until soon Will was pressed right up against the still-open door. He gulped, and Hannibal stared at him with those intense eyes of his. "I find myself feeling disappointed of late, Will." He spoke so softly that Will had to strain to hear him. "It is an unusual feeling for me, because it is so rare for me to have high enough expectations to get disappointed. But I had high expectations of you, Will. And you disappointed me. Proved that you are a mere mortal after all, slave to your base desires. Am I truly such an unlikely choice for you that you must go out of your way to flaunt others before me?"

Even though Hannibal's voice was so quiet, there was something very deadly about it, and Will couldn't stop himself from gulping nervously. Maybe it hadn't been such a good idea to try and make Hannibal jealous. "If this is about Sam, then you should know that we haven't even slept together yet. And I wasn't really trying to flaunt, or whatever. It was just a complete accident that I showed up here at the same time he was leaving."

Hannibal furrowed his eyebrows, and then took a step back. Will's shoulders slumped down, and he felt like he could breath safely again. "You're sure that he was leaving this building?"

It was pretty hard to mistake the fact that he'd been flung into the ground like that. His nose ached sympathetically in memory of the event. "Yeah. He's a patient of yours… right?" He could already tell from the look on the other man's face what he was going to say.

Hannibal gave a slight shake of his head. "No, I am quite sure that I had never seen that man before." Now that Will thought about it, he didn't think that Sam had ever actually claimed to be a patient of Hannibal's. It had just been the logical assumption that Will had made. The confusion on Hannibal's face quickly faded, though, and was replaced by the closest to anger that Will had ever seen Hannibal display. "You haven't slept with him 'yet'?"

Will winced at his stupid big mouth. Yeah, it had definitely been a bad idea to go with the jealousy route. Though he couldn't deny the results. He had Hannibal's complete attention on him right now, didn't he? "Look, I don't have any obligation to avoid relationships with other people just because you already tried to call dibs on me." Last week, he hadn't really planned on fighting Hannibal about this. It had just been to get the result he needed. But now, he actually kind of liked Sam, and wanted to spend more time with the other man. Though first he'd have to figure out what Sam was doing in Hannibal's office if he was a client or anything.

It didn't seem like Hannibal was very satisfied with Will arguing on behalf of spending more time with Sam. "So then you admit to being in a relationship with this man? After claiming that you would put effort into what you have with me?"

Will narrowed his eyes, and crossed his arms over his chest. "Hey, don't act like you're so innocent and saint-like! Do you honestly expect me to believe that Bedelia's just your 'therapist'?"

There was a brief pause, and then Hannibal's eyes suddenly flooded with their usual amusement. Will frowned as he tried to figure out what had caused the abrupt shift in mood. "Is that what this is about, Will? You are jealous of Bedelia?"

"No!" The answer came out of Will's mouth way too fast for even him to believe it. But that made no sense, because he had no reason to be jealous of Bedelia. He didn't want to be Hannibal's consort, he just wanted to keep the world safe. "I'm not jealous," he repeated stubbornly. Then his eyes widened, and he wandered over to his usual chair to sink down onto it. Oh god. He was jealous, wasn't he? But how? There was nothing but evil in Hannibal's soul. Nothing for Will to actually like about the man. And right now, he was so surprised that he knew he wasn't able to keep any of his thoughts off of his face. That bastard probably knew exactly what Will was thinking, and Will wasn't going to stand for that. He got back to his feet, and cleared his throat a couple of times. "Have you figured out the details for your dinner party?"

Hannibal was giving Will a look like he wanted to devour him, and it took everything Will had to keep himself composed. Finally, Hannibal nodded. "Yes, I have almost everything arranged. I simply need two or three names so that I can start working on the menu."

Having anticipated that response, Will reached into his pocket to pull out the piece of scrap paper where he'd scrawled down a few names. He'd done four, not sure of how many would be required for a dinner party. He tore off the last name to save for next time, and then handed over the other three.

Hannibal accepted the list, and then went back to his desk to pick up a fancy envelope to hand to Will. "I look forward to seeing you at my table, Will."

Will gulped, grabbed the envelope, and then practically ran out of the office. Where had all of his dignity gone? Apparently up in smoke the moment he'd realized just how dangerous it was to bait someone like Hannibal. He wasn't just a regular old cannibalistic serial killer. He was the freakin' devil, and Will needed to learn to be smarter.

As he got into his car, his phone started ringing. There were very few people who would ever call him, so he answered without bothering to glance at the name first. "Hello?"

"Will, hey." Will recognized Sam's voice immediately, and tilted his head curiously. This was the first time that he'd actually been called by the other man. Up until now it had just been texts exchanged between them. "This is going to sound kind of crazy, but I just got a weird feeling that you'd need some cheering up."

Will let out a long breath. "As crazy as it is, your intuition has not failed you."

Sam laughed. "Good to know that I can be both crazy and psychic. Want to meet up for coffee?"

"That actually sounds really good. Same place as before?" After hearing Sam's agreement, Will hung up the phone, and then drove towards the nice little cafe. Sam showed up just a few minutes after him. They both stood in line to order their drinks, though this time Will insisted on paying for his own, and then they found an open table to sit down at. After taking a sip of his drink, Will leaned back in his seat and regarded Sam curiously. "So this might sound a little invasive, but what were you doing at Dr. Lecter's office if you aren't a client of his?"

A tint of pink appeared in Sam's cheeks. "Ah, you found out about that, huh? The truth is rather unsavory." When Will just arched one eyebrow and gave him an unimpressed look, Sam continued. "My younger sister is actually a rather upper class type psychiatrist herself, and I was trying to spy on Lecter for her. I know that you're in law enforcement, and that probably sounds pretty bad, but I-"

Will let out a soft laugh. "Is that all? When Hannibal told me he had no clue who you were, I started working myself up to thinking all kinds of terrible things. I'm grateful that that's all it was." He felt his muscles relax. He hadn't even realized how concerned he'd been about Sam's answer to that question. "So how have you been?"

Sam shrugged. "It's been a long week. I felt like I was missing out on something very important by not having you around all the time. I know we've really only just met, but it feels like there's already some connection between us."

Maybe it was true that Will had been jealous of Bedelia, but he didn't even know where that jealousy stemmed from, because he definitely did not want to be romantically involved with Hannibal. And he knew that Sam was an attractive man with an attractive personality, and it was easy to talk to him. Not many people felt easy to talk to for Will. He paused for a moment to try and think about what made Sam so different.

Even with Alana, things never felt so smooth. Not in person, at least. Of course he cared deeply about her, and knew that she cared about him too, but that didn't prevent the minor awkwardness that came with Will's empathy. It could be strange for other people when he knew so well what they were thinking.

The first person that had been really different with was Hannibal. He'd never been able to tell just what that man was thinking. And now that he thought about it, that was part of what made things with Sam so easy. His empathy never filled him with sudden insight on what the guy was thinking when Will wasn't trying to find that out. Now Will was curious. He focused on Sam, but even when intentionally trying to get a read on him, he couldn't get anything. Sam reached over to put his hand on top of Will's. "Hey, is where'd you go just now? You looked pretty far away."

Will blinked a few times, and then sighed. "Right, sorry. I don't even know what I was thinking about." He sat there and chatted with Sam for a little while longer, and he couldn't help thinking. So maybe he had gotten jealous about Bedelia. But more importantly, Hannibal had gotten jealous about Sam. Will actually enjoyed spending time with Sam, and decided that he'd protect the man if Hannibal's wrath grew too great. But at least he could be content in knowing that Hannibal could not kill Sam without Will's permission, which provided a small safety net. He offered Sam a small smile. "Is it too forward of me to ask if you want to take this conversation back to my place?"

Sam smiled in return. "Didn't you say you live in Wolf Trap? I think my place is a lot closer than that."

Will nodded. "Sounds good to me." They both got up, and Sam promised to drive slowly so that Will would be able to follow him.

It didn't take long to get to Sam's place. It was even bigger and more ostentatious looking than Hannibal's, which seemed odd considering Sam's personality. He hadn't struck Will has the type to be caught up on material possessions, even if he was a millionaire. He got out of his car at the same time as Sam, and they both walked up the front door. "I know it's a little much, but I figured that I could get only the best for my kids."

Will paused mid-step. "You have kids?" He quickly ran back through everything the other man had shared with him, both in person and via text, but he couldn't think of a single time there had been any reference made to kids, or a family of any sort.

Sam had a wary look on his face. "Yes, but they aren't around on the weekends. Is this going to be a problem for you?"

Will had never given too much thought to kids throughout his life. Of course he was aware of the fact that they existed, and were necessary for the continuation of the human race. But he

always assumed that he'd be a bad father, thanks to his instability, and the lack of good examples he had growing up. But he didn't need kids anyways, because he had his pack of dogs, who he loved a great deal.

But the biggest problem here was that there was now officially too much at stake. He didn't think that Hannibal would harm children, but it wasn't worth the risk of finding out. He took a small step away from Sam, shaking his head. "I'm so sorry, but I just don't think- I mean I'm not- I just wish you'd told me."

Sam gave Will a long look, and then reached out to take one of Will's hands. "I don't have any kids."

Will furrowed his eyebrows. "Okay…?" It was a random thing to mention. It's not like he would have assumed that Sam did have kids, since he'd never mentioned anything like that. "So are you going to invite me inside or not?"

Sam grinned. "Sure, come on in." He unlocked the front door, and Will couldn't contain a small gasp as he stepped inside. The place really was lavish, and looked more like the inside of a palace or a museum than a place where anyone would actually live. "You look like you're in awe."

Will nodded. "Yeah, probably because this place is incredible. I don't even want to think about how much your heating bill must be in a place this size." As they walked through the house, they passed through a room with toys scattered all across the floor. "Hey, are those-? What are those?"

Sam glanced in the same direction as Will, and then shrugged casually. "I babysit sometimes, and the place is big enough that I don't bother picking stuff up as long as the mess all stays contained in that one room."

So Sam was also good with kids? Will didn't have any particular interest in having children of his own or anything, but he'd definitely heard that men who were good with children tended to be more compassionate and caring in general. It was nice that Will had been able to pick a good guy. Well, most people would have been good in comparison to Hannibal, but Sam was actually good, which was a pleasant thought for Will.

Eventually, Will was led into Sam's bedroom, and crossed his arms over his chest. "Now who's being forward?"

Sam shrugged. "What can I say? I like you, Will. I really like spending time with you. Our conversations are always pretty amazing. But I can't deny that I'd love to get to know you even better."

This was dangerous, and it was entirely possible that Hannibal would lash out. But then again, there was no reason for Hannibal to know about this, right? Will had already achieved his objective of making Hannibal jealous, and now he was just doing this for himself, because he liked Sam too. So he walked closer to Sam to kiss the other man, and it felt really good. It really wouldn't hurt anyone if he were to just keep going.

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When Will woke up, he was disoriented, and it took him a moment to remember where he was. He’d stayed over Sam’s place last night, and he was currently lying in Sam’s bed, with his limbs all mixed up with the other man’s. He gently disentangled himself, and then slipped out of bed, shivering as the cool air brushed over his naked body. It was too dark to see very well, but he picked up his underwear and undershirt off the floor and pulled them on, and then quietly left the room, not wanting to wake Sam. He left the rest of his clothes and shoes on the floor, not wanting Sam to think that Will had run off in the middle of the night.

He poked his head through each open door that he walked past, trying to find the bathroom. He could feel the dried sweat coating his body, so he wanted to take a refreshing shower. And he had to pee.

It took a couple of rooms before Will found a bathroom, and then he had to wonder if there had been one of those fancy master baths attached to Sam’s bedroom. But even if that was the case, it was too late to go back and figure that out now without looking like an idiot. He took care of business, and then peeled his clothes back off so that he could hop into the shower.

He used the shampoo and soap that were already in there, since he hadn’t exactly thought to bring his own, and then he put back on his dirty clothes. Yeah, he hadn’t really thought this through. He should have at least searched for some spare clothes to borrow from Sam. It’s not like the man wasn’t rich enough to have plenty of extra clothing to go around.

Will returned to the bedroom, and saw Sam just yawning and sitting up. The man blinked a few times, and then looked around in confusion before looking up at Will with squinty eyes. “Will? What are you doing up? Trying to snoop around the rich guy’s house?”

Will snorted as he shook his head and sat down on the edge of the bed. “Needed to shower.”

Sam gestured to the door that Will had assumed led to a closet. “If you’d gone in there, the noise would have woken me up, and I could have joined you.” He sat up, letting the blanket fall and pool on his lap. He had the kind of muscles that rich people could afford because they had plenty of free time to go to the gym. Which was lucky for Will, because he rather enjoyed looking at said muscles. “You’re wearing way too many clothes right now. Don’t tell me you have to leave already?”

Will grinned, and discarded his clothes before crawling back under the blanket. “I suppose that I can be convinced to stick around for a little while longer.”

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Unfortunately, Will did eventually had to leave. His dogs couldn’t feed themselves, and he’d feel guilty for not spending enough time with them. “Am I going to see you again?” Sam asked in a strangely vulnerable voice compared to the way he normally sounded.

It was a reasonable enough question. They barely knew each other still, and neither of them had made any mention of the idea of dating, and Will wasn’t really sure what he wanted to get out of all of this. But he knew that as much as he’d enjoyed their brief time together, it

was really too much of a risk to continue with this. He didn't want to imagine what Hannibal would do if Will was stupid enough to actually end up falling for Sam. He tried to make his voice gentle to let Sam down easy. "I don't think that that's such a good idea."

Sam narrowed his eyes. "We should see each other again."

Will blinked once, then nodded. "Yeah, I think I'd like that. There's something about you that I just can't seem to get enough of. I have to head home to see my dogs now, though. I'll talk to you later."

Sam gave Will another deep kiss before smiling, and nodding. "I look forward to hearing from you."

Then Will headed out, and felt very light-hearted the entire drive back to Wolf Trap. It seemed like it had been forever since the last time he felt so relaxed and normal. But that feeling disappeared as soon as he saw Hannibal's bentley parked in his driveway. Will stayed in his car, just tightly gripping the steering wheel and taking several deep breaths as he prepared himself to face Hannibal again.

He finally got out of his car, and slowly walked up to the front door of his house, unable to rid himself of the feeling of dread that was building up in his stomach. He wasn't usually so afraid to encounter Hannibal, but right now he felt like he was being ambushed. And he couldn't stop thinking about the conclusion he'd reached about being jealous of Hannibal and Bedelia.

He still needed to unlock the door, since Hannibal was apparently polite enough to lock up behind himself, and then Will stepped inside. He could feel the tension growing, though it was really beyond him to be able to understand just why that was. Something didn't feel right, but he couldn't put it into words.

The obvious place to look for Hannibal was in the kitchen, where he immediately spotted the man sitting at the table while something in a pot simmered on the stove. He looked up at Will with one eyebrow arched. "And where have you been?"

Will blinked a few times in confusion. "Don't sound so accusatory. You say that like we had plans." Maybe he really would just never be able to fully understand Hannibal.

But Hannibal looked slightly confused by Will's response. He stood up, but didn't actually move any closer to where Will was standing in the doorway. "You called me yesterday evening and asked if we could have dinner together. Which is why I was rather surprised when you were not here when I arrived. I was even more surprised to find your dogs unfed and unhappy, and thought I would do you a favor by spending some time with them and giving them some scraps from our own meal."

A wave of warmth rushed through Will at the thought of Hannibal taking care of his beloved pack, but then he shook his head as he tried to focus on the more important details of what Hannibal had just said. "I never called you. And I would never…" he trailed off as he looked towards the dog bowls. They were empty, and Will felt a stab of guilt in his heart. "How could I just…?" He sank down into one of the chairs by the table. He was a horrible human

being. He neglected his dogs like they didn't even matter, even though they were the most important things in the world to him.

Hannibal got up and turned on the kettle, but Will was only vaguely aware of the motions, as he was too busy despising himself for what he'd done. Sure, he liked Sam, but definitely not more than his dogs, so why the hell had he let himself get so caught up in the man that he completely forgot about his other responsibilities?

Will wasn't sure how long he sat there, just shaking, when Hannibal forced Will to take hold of a warm cup of tea. "Drink this." Then he sat back down in the seat next to Will, staring at him intently. "Will, where were you?" This time, he didn't sound like he was slinging accusations, or like he was mad. He just sounded curious.

It felt like it took all the effort in the world to take a single sip of the tea- and of course it was made just how he liked it- and then he cleared his throat once. "I was- I was with someone." He thought that it was probably pretty obvious that he meant Sam, but he really didn't want to see the man get hurt in Hannibal's jealousy, even if that jealousy had been Will's original intention.

Instead of getting angry, Hannibal just nodded once, and then leaned back in his seat. "Who was it?"

Will closed his eyes, and let out a soft sigh of exasperation. "Hannibal…" Of course he wasn't going to tell.

Hannibal didn't move an inch. "Tell me the name of who you were with, Will. It's very important to me that you do so." Will didn't truly want to upset Hannibal now, because he didn't want to risk anyone innocent being drawn into this mess. Maybe if he was just honest now, he would be able to convince Hannibal to leave Sam alone. "A name, Will," Hannibal repeated.

"I don't know!" Will snapped, and then immediately he frowned and opened his eyes. "I don't know?" He reached up with his free hand to press his fingers against his lips. "I don't know," he repeated softly. Then he shook his head. "That's not- I didn't just go and sleep with someone I don't even know the name of. I wouldn't do that." He wasn't sure exactly why, but it felt important to him that Hannibal understood he wasn't that kind of person. "I don't know why I can't say it. I don't know. I don't know. I don't know." He could feel his panic building as his mouth refused to cooperate with him. He jumped to his feet, dropping his mug and letting warm tea spill out across his shoes. "I don't know! I don't know!" He was breathing too quickly, and everything just felt like too much.

Hannibal got up as well, and put a gentle hand on Will's arm. "It's alright, please try your best to remain calm. I believe that I may know what is happening here. Will, if you know that someone such as me can exist in this world, surely it should not be too difficult to believe that there are others of similar breeding?"

Will frowned, and did his best to get his breathing back under control. "What do you mean? What's wrong with me?"

“I suppose the only thing wrong with you is your taste in men,” Hannibal said in a seemingly indifferent tone. But Will knew Hannibal well enough to know that it was just a cover, and that he was actually at least a little bit upset. “You were spending time with that Sam, weren’t you?” Will’s eyes widened, but he couldn’t even nod his head, which only freaked him out even more. Hannibal continued as if Will had confirmed the question. “Can you tell me where he lives?” Will could still remember what the house looked like and how to get there, but he found himself shaking his head without giving his head permission to do such a thing. Hannibal nodded as though he’d expected such an answer. “Do not worry, Will. I will find this man, and I will ensure that he cannot do you any further harm.”

Will gulped, and wrapped his arms around his middle. “What is he?” He absolutely abhorred the idea of anyone being able to control him against his will. Autonomy was very important to him. One thing in Hannibal’s favor was that at least he’d never tried to physically control Will, simply manipulate and entrap him with deals and such. But at least that didn’t take away his free will.

Hannibal put his hands on Will’s shoulders and guided him out of the kitchen and towards the stairs. Will felt numb, so he was barely any help as Hannibal stripped him and then tucked him into bed. He was a bit surprised that Hannibal didn’t make any attempt to take advantage of the situation, and was almost disappointed to not even get a single leer. But mostly he was grateful to be tucked into his own bed, and he closed his eyes when Hannibal left.

He returned a few minutes later, though, letting Will’s dogs into the room. They all leapt up onto the bed even though Will usually discouraged such a thing, and he sat up to hug all of the dogs. Then Hannibal perched on the edge of the bed, and reached out to gently touch Will’s cheek for just a second before he dropped his hand down to his own lap. “I cannot say for sure without seeing Sam in person. But I suspect that he does not work for me. At least not anymore.”

“What, like at your office?”

Hannibal shook his head, looking amused. “No. My real job. A lot of people die, and I cannot see to all of them at once. I have many employees. You would not have met with them before because I wanted to deal with you myself. I fear that over the years, I have fired many of my employees. Usually that means that they are removed from existence, but they occasionally are able to avoid their pink slip and escape back here, where everyone is still alive. If they are smart, they would avoid me at all costs. But I suppose that if one holds a grudge, then they would find a way to get back at me. And of course, the easiest way to do that is to go through you.”

Will felt his face flush a light pink. “I didn’t realize I was so important to you.” Sure they had their deal, but Hannibal had already lost interest in him once, and was sure to do so again once Will was older and uglier. Will liked to think that he wasn’t particularly vain, but he wasn’t unaware of the fact that he’d had many suitors, at least until they’d stopped to actually talk with him. That always worked to scare them away fast.

Hannibal laughed. “Will, you are, without a doubt, the most important thing on this Earth to me. I would not still be here if it weren’t for you. And once you are permanently dead, I will be taking a long leave of absence from this place.”

It was hard to know how to respond to that kind of claim. Will gulped. “Oh.”

Hannibal reached over to push on Will’s shoulder so that he would be laying back again, and then tugged the blanket up to Will’s neck. He stood up, brushed the dog hair off of his clothes, and then headed to the door. “I will figure out a way to deal with this problem,” he said in a very serious voice. “You will not have to worry for much longer.” Then he left, and Will closed his eyes, taking comfort from the nearness of his pack. He had no idea what was going on with Sam, but it scared him to think that someone could actually control him like that. And he wasn’t sure what to think of Hannibal’s confession. It made him feel warm inside, even though it definitely shouldn’t have that effect. Well, he could always think about it more in the morning. For now, he just wanted to get some rest.

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